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(When the attention of The Bulletin is called to any misstatement of fact or to any error concerning any man or thing, corrections will cheerfully be made.)

There will be three congressional candidates—a Democrat, a Republican and a Bull Moose, to select from at the polls next November. We welcome the advent of the Bull Moose candidate. His candidacy should win the approval of a certain element in the Republican party and he should poll a sufficient number of Republican votes to split the ticket, hopelessly, so far as the Regular Republican candidate is concerned. This district has long been in need of a representative in Congress who will devote his time to other matters besides chair-warming.

Gov. Wilson will co-operate with Congress in solving one of the most important problems of the age—the cost-of-living problem. This is something Roosevelt and Taft failed to do.

Gov. Wilson has his own ideas about the tariff problem and if they do not "gee" with those advanced in the Democratic platform, those in the platform are headed for the discard. Gov. Wilson is the only man in the field who has instituted reforms beneficial to the people and, considering the fact that he is not owned body and soul by the interests most vitally affected by a revision of the tariff, he is the only man who should be permitted to tackle the problem. The Republican organs are predicting that the advancement of the Wilson tariff theories will wreck American industry. This is the usual prediction, but for once Democracy is going to have an opportunity to discredit it.

CAUSE FOR GLADNESS.

'Twas eventful. The boy stood on the bridge, clapping his hands vigorously. Beyond the brow of the hill a dull red glow suffused the sky. "Ah, little boy," remarked the stranger, who was rather near-sighted. "It does my heart good to see you appreciate your beautiful cloud effect!" "Yes, sir," replied the lad. "I've been watching it for ten minutes." Upon the boy's face there appeared a smile of radiant bliss. "A real poet, without a doubt. And do you watch sunsets often, little boy?" "Sunsets? Why, that ain't a sunset, guv'nor! That's the village school burning down!"—Answers.

Overlooked.

Two lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order, order!" said the judge gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."

NO PROOF OF IT.



Cholly—Why, er—er—I'm growing a mustache.
Daisy—So your sister was telling me.

Woman.

How far advanced may be her views or how far right she is, she'll never skip the fashion news to read the sporting page.

ITALY RESTORING ANCIENT BATHS OF CARACALLA

Government is Carrying Out Scheme Originated By Ruggiero Bonghi

NEW DISCOVERIES ARE MADE

Latest Find is Library, Only One To Have Existed in Old Rome

Rome, July 28.—It has always been in the minds of the powers that be that something more should be made of the series of ancient remains which have the Baths of Caracalla as their center, and at last this dream is in process of realization. Americans returning to Rome in the autumn will scarcely recognize that part of ancient Rome which extends from the Coliseum and the Circus Maximus to the famous Thermæ, or Baths. The Thermæ were the wonder of the world when built and are still so, and while not so large as those of Diocletian, were more luxurious, accommodating 16,000 bathers contemporaneously.

The government, carrying out a scheme originally due to the versatile mind of the late historian and statesman, Ruggiero Bonghi, has entrusted Senator Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, the celebrated archaeologist, so well known to American readers, to bring to life what is known as the "Archeological Promenade," which already covers 180 acres of land. Part of this land required draining and was a fruitful source of malaria, so that, incidentally, Professor Lanciani has improved the health of that portion of the environs of the city. The whole forms a magnificent park, surrounding and setting forth the unique ruins from Roman times, the greatest care being taken to recreate what it must have been when the remains were glorious realities, so that besides the natural plants of the soil, there are only a few kinds of trees, the classic trees of Rome, i. e., olive, laurel, pine, cypress, flex, oak and poplar, of which 6,500 have been planted, nearly all being well.

In the center, and overshadowing all, stand the Baths. One does not need to be a profound student of Roman times to understand what it means to discover under one building (the Thermæ) one mile of underground passages, evidently for the use of slaves, as they led to the different bath-halls above, and were the vehicle through which the soiled linen passed.

It has just been ascertained that one of the wonders of this pile was the largest flat roof in the world, supported by copper beams, no longer in existence, but there are the walls, and their formation shows that the roof was flat without support from below.

Another of the sensational discoveries is a huge library, the only one known to have existed in Rome in connection with the Baths. The niches where the books stood are still to be seen, with the three steps which led up to the platform before them, and other signs which seem to point to the fact that there were reading desks attached to the walls. This Caracalla library is almost a reproduction of the Roman library at Pergamo, but is much larger.

The part of a gray porphyry column has also been unearthed, which is almost as valuable as precious stones, owing to its rarity. It is as hard as the red porphyry, but is almost unknown. There must have been a colonnade of them at the Baths, as the two standing in St. Peter's, which are the pride came from Thermæ. The quarries for this rare stone have not long been known and have now been identified as near the Mont Cenis tunnel, at Frejus, but there is no more porphyry there.

In the middle of what was once the garden of the Baths, and will soon be so again, there lies on one side a huge capital, four feet high, partly consumed. It is the facsimile of two celebrated capitals in the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere (the titular church of Cardinal Gibbons), the origin of which had been questioned, but which is thus settled beyond dispute.

The question has often been asked, what tremendous force could have so thoroughly demolished a building of the strength of these baths, while others not so strong, like the Pan-

KANSAS CITY

By GEORGE FITCH.
Author of "A Good Old Slawash."

Kansas City, the largest and loveliest city in the middle west, is located beside and occasionally under the Missouri river. The city is in Missouri, but is so close to the state line that about 100,000 of its inhabitants have spilled over into Kansas, where they are irretrievably lost for census purposes. In spite of this Kansas City has 250,000 citizens who do as much work and make as much noise doing it as a million New Englanders.

Kansas City was first located beneath the bluffs of the Missouri, but climbed these bluffs with great exertion many years ago and has now spread over several dozen hills in a manner which makes a ride in a Kansas City street car resemble a trip in a scenic railway. The business section occupies two hills and a valley and the quickest way to get down to Main street is to sit down on Ninth and slide or take an elevator on the ground floor of a Grand avenue building and go down four stories. Kansas City cellars are made of rock and have to be pried out with dynamite whenever a building is inserted in them. Digging cellars is a favorite Kansas City excitement and the resident who has not been shot in the neck with a jagged piece of real estate is not considered naturalized.

Kansas City started out to become the metropolis of the world in 1890, but after building an elevated railroad and 19,000 real estate offices it sustained a puncture and ran with a wheel for many years. It is now growing at the rate of 80,000 people per decade and will eventually pass New Orleans, Milwaukee, Cincinnati and Washington.

Kansas City packs hogs and cat-

tle, sells implements and groceries to the great southwest and entertains relatives between trains. It has twenty railroads, all of whose trains enter a prehistoric union depot on double tracks which always has a waiting list of passengers on it. For many years the city's local, state and national platform has been a new depot and the third largest station in the world is now being built \$1.00 by taxicab from the business section.

Kansas City has more good looking \$10,000 homes than any other



American city, owing to the fact that when the builder gets his cellar blasted out he has enough material to build his house. Kansas City men work hard, but will always stop an hour or a day to talk about Kansas City in a low well modulated shriek of enthusiasm. The city is full of concentrated hustle, but is also abusing itself by building parks, boulevards, paseos, cliff drives, and art galleries, and is going to be as handsome as any city in the world, or know the reason why.

(Copyright, 1912 by George Mathew Adams.)

theon, are almost perfect. Professor Lanciani would not hazard a decided opinion, but remarked that undoubtedly great havoc was worked in the Middle Ages when sculptors were collected and admired, palatial buildings were being built, and there was no reverence for the work of those who had gone before.

The sewers found at the Baths have an extent of nearly three miles, while there were 35 rooms used as reservoirs, disposed of in two rows. Professor Lanciani, to whose untiring energy and devotion all these discoveries are due, has asked the government for a further appropriation of \$100,000, that he may be able to have casts made of all the statues known to have belonged to the Baths, and which will be raised in their original positions. This will not be difficult as they are nearly all in the museum of Naples.

AMERICAN SOLDIER THE BEST

World's Records for Marksmanship All His, and He is Trained to Act on His Own Initiative.

If there is one big, distinguishing trait of the United States regular, it is individuality. In every one of the great foreign military nations, particularly Germany and Japan, battalion and company officers and enlisted men are carefully trained not to think for themselves. They are used as mere chess pieces under the guidance of a master mind. In this country, where our melting pot has yielded us an extraordinary self-reliant, cool thinking, intensive initiative product, it is only natural that our soldiers should be trained as are our civilians.

The United States army spends annually on rifle target practice five times the sum spent by any other army of an equal number of men. This applies, too, to our field and coast artillery. As a result, no better marksmen can be found than the American soldier and his cousin, the national guardsman, who is trained along the same lines. Every world's fire control and accuracy record with rifle and big gun is today held by the American soldier.

The United States army is small, in accordance with the will of the people not to support a large standing military establishment. But what we have is almost 100 per cent. efficient, the splendid nucleus of the big army of regulars, militia and volunteers which we should place in the field if occasion required. It is only in equipment—quartermaster, commissary, medicine and particularly ordnance stores—that our army is lacking.—Leslie's.

SHE COULD NOT REMEMBER

Absent-Minded Woman's Peculiar Reason for Wanting to Be Rung Up on the Phone.

Absent-minded persons sorely try the patience of girls in the New Rochelle telephone office. Not long ago a woman confessed herself subject to extreme forgetfulness and requested the day operator on her exchange to ring her up every morning at 9 o'clock. A week later she said: "Central, what was it I wanted you to call me for at 9 o'clock?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "You didn't tell me. You just asked me to call at 9 o'clock."

"Too bad," said the woman. "I know there was something I wanted

to do every morning at 9 o'clock, but I can't for the life of me think what it was."

The 9 o'clock calls continued, however, and several days later the woman took central into her confidence again.

"I have found out why I wanted to be called," she said. "A friend had given me a canary and I wanted to make sure of remembering to feed it. The poor little thing is nearly starved. Hereafter when you ring won't you just say, 'Feed the bird,' and I'll go straight and do it."

Central promised, and the neglected canary is now a plump and contented bird.—New York Times.

Rousseau's Etiquette of Love.

Before Rousseau, love was a highly refined form of social intercourse, a species of gallantry conducted with self-restraint, and all the formalities of special etiquette; any extravagance, whether in feeling, in speech, or in action, was banished. But when Saint-Preux, oppressed by his high-strung passions, came to the rock at Meillière to pour forth in solitude the flood of his sentimental tears, all the witty refinements of eighteenth century gallantry, for good or for evil, were finally swept away; extravagance was free to lay down the law in love. It was Rousseau who enabled Mirabeau, in his first letter to Julie Darners (whom he had never seen), to declare, "I, also, am a lover, have emptied the cup of sensibility to the dregs, and could give a thousand lives for what I love." It was Rousseau who laid down a new etiquette of love which every petty poet and novelist still adheres to.—Atlantic Monthly.

Sure Sign.

"Old Titewad is a mighty sick man, but the doctor says that if he can just keep him from giving up he has a chance of winning out."

"Then he'll win. Old Titewad never gave up anything since I have known him."

SUFFRAGETTE NEWS

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw appeared before the Resolutions Committee of the Democratic convention at Baltimore. She made a brief speech and introduced an equal suffrage resolution.

The moving picture play "Votes for Women" was given at Battle Creek on July 4th. On July 10th both "Man and Suffrage" and "Votes for Women" was presented. Michigan suffragists say they had no trouble in persuading the manager of the local theater to have these plays performed.

Miss Frances Perkins of New York executive secretary of the Consumers' League has resigned to accept the position of executive secretary of the Committee of Safety, succeeding Dr. Charles H. Keyes. The committee was formed directly after the Triangle fire, its chief aim being the protection of life and property against fire.

Kansas merchants, grocers and laundry-men are on one day each week distributing a suffrage leaflet into each package they send out. A

suffragist assists in each shop on that day.

Miss L. F. Nettlefield, a member of the Woman's Social and Political Union of England, has been placed equal to second in the First Class Honours List of the Cambridge Law Tripos.

"Votes for Women" says: "Brilliant academic success of this kind accentuate the injustice perpetuated at the two older Universities, where women are not allowed the recognition of a degree, however ably they may have qualified themselves for it."

Ohio suffragists are canvassing the state in a private trolley-car, making campaign speeches from the back platform at every settlement where an audience can be found.

Vicar General Joseph F. Mooney, in charge of the archdiocese of New York during the absence of Cardinal Farley, is reported as saying: "The Catholic Church is not opposed to woman suffrage. The church has never taken any stand on the subject of extending the franchise to women. There is no reason whatever why any person in the church should not advocate votes for women. It does the church grave justice to circulate the report that Catholic members of the legislature are being influenced to vote against suffrage on the ground that the Church is opposed to it."

Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the new Children's Bureau, will be one of the speakers at the convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association to be held at Philadelphia, November 21-26.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who is making a round-the-world tour for equal suffrage, is quoted as saying: "When I pause to think that I have seen Mohammedan, Hindu, Parsee and Buddhist women who have voted and are voting, and that in our enlightened Christian country I and my American sisters are not, I feel pretty rebellious. This world is surely a curious mixture and no one country, I find, has all the virtues or all the liberality."

Michigan newspapers are with few exceptions favorable to equal suffrage. The Press Chairman of the Michigan Equal Suffrage Association reports that 135 newspapers are printing suffrage items regularly, in addition to many splendid editorials.

The suffrage parade in New York City on November 9th will, it is hoped, celebrate a victory in some at least of the states where campaigns are now on. "The demonstration will not be merely a jubilee in any event." Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw says, for "it is intended to warn the lawmakers of New York that their efforts to block suffrage by wire-pulling and political chicanery will at most only postpone the inevitable emancipation of women in New York." It will be an old-fashioned night parade. Some of the old-cloth caps and capes worn in the Cleveland and Stevenson campaign have been resurrected and will be worn by members of the Voters' League. 5000 fete lanterns have been secured from Paris. Torches, electric batons and searchlights will add to the brilliancy of the parade.

In Quebec, contrary to the custom in other Canadian provinces, there is no Married Woman's Property Act. If a woman marries without a contract and this often happens, her husband owns all she has, all she earns and all she may inherit. The Legislative Assembly of Manitoba has recently adopted an amendment permitting women to study and practice law in that province.

Health is the foundation of all good looks. The wise woman realizes this and takes precautions to preserve her health and strength through the period of child bearing. She remains a pretty mother by avoiding as far as possible the suffering and dangers of such occasions. This every woman may do through the use of Mother's Friend, a remedy that has been so long in use, and accomplished so much good, that it is in no sense an experiment, but a preparation which always produces the best results. It is for external application and so penetrating in its nature as to thoroughly lubricate every muscle, nerve and tendon involved during the period before baby comes. It aids nature by expanding the skin and tissues, relieves tenderness and soreness, and perfectly prepares the system for natural and safe motherhood. Mother's Friend has been used and endorsed by thousands of mothers, and its use will prove a comfort and benefit to any woman in need of such a Mother's Friend remedy. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for free book for expectant mothers, which contains much information.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Pretty Mothers

Health is the foundation of all good looks. The wise woman realizes this and takes precautions to preserve her health and strength through the period of child bearing. She remains a pretty mother by avoiding as far as possible the suffering and dangers of such occasions. This every woman may do through the use of Mother's Friend, a remedy that has been so long in use, and accomplished so much good, that it is in no sense an experiment, but a preparation which always produces the best results. It is for external application and so penetrating in its nature as to thoroughly lubricate every muscle, nerve and tendon involved during the period before baby comes. It aids nature by expanding the skin and tissues, relieves tenderness and soreness, and perfectly prepares the system for natural and safe motherhood. Mother's Friend has been used and endorsed by thousands of mothers, and its use will prove a comfort and benefit to any woman in need of such a Mother's Friend remedy. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for free book for expectant mothers, which contains much information.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Mother's Friend

Historic Blackguards

By
Albert Payson Terhune

The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World)

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The Earl of Leicester, a "Might-Have-Been" Who Failed

"Here lies a valiant warrior who never drew a sword."

Here lies a wily courtier who never kept his word.

Here lies the Earl of Leicester who governed the nation.

Woman, living, man could never love and a just Heaven now hates."

THIS scurrilous, mock-epitaph, written by a political foe, sizes up the character of Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, far better than do the stately lines on his tomb. But neither of the two tell the most important thing about him: namely, that he probably came within an ace of being prince consort of England, husband of Queen Elizabeth, and (if the laws could have been juggled to fit the case) even king.

Leicester's only claims to success were good looks, charm of manner and total lack of conscience. Yet these three qualities lifted him higher than almost any other man of his day. He had the still further handicap of beginning his political career in prison. The start was not favorable. But the man's luck quickly made up for this drawback.

His father, the duke of Northumberland, plotted to make unlucky little Lady Jane Gray (his daughter-in-law) queen of England. Queen Mary, daughter of Henry VIII, crushed the plot, mounted the throne herself, and condemned to death Lady Jane, her young husband, and Northumberland himself. Robert Dudley (Northumberland's second son and Lady Jane's brother-in-law), was also thrown into jail, accused of a share in the conspiracy and was sentenced to death. But he was soon set free and given a court position.

When Elizabeth came to the throne in 1558, her fickle fancy was caught by young Dudley. He was strikingly handsome and she loved handsome men. He was a clever flatterer—and she adored flattery. She gave Leicester one high office after another, heaping rank and honors upon him to the scandal of all Europe.

There can be no doubt the queen was deeply in love with him. It was rumored that this capricious sovereign, who had stubbornly refused to marry any European prince or king, meant to bestow her hand on Dudley. But there was a hitch in this plan. He was already married. When he was a mere youth he wedded Amy Robsart, daughter of a rich old knight. For years Amy had been kept away from court in an obscure Berkshire country house, Cumnor hall. There Dudley, once in a great while, visited her. But for the most part she lived a wretchedly lonely life. Now that he was an aspirant for Elizabeth's hand, it became necessary for the neglectful husband to get rid of his wife. Accordingly, Amy was found one day lying dead in Cumnor hall, her neck broken.

It was soon after this tragedy that the queen raised Dudley to the rank of "Earl of Leicester." She also suggested him as a suitable husband for the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. (This was thought to be a blind to hide her own love for him. Leicester afterward proposed that Mary, who was then a prisoner of Elizabeth's, be put out of the way by poison.) Elizabeth gave Leicester the magnificent castle of Kenilworth and other rich estates in Warwickshire. At this castle, in 1575, he entertained the queen for some days with a series of gaudy spectacles and revels that cost him \$300,000, which sum his various court of fiefs doubtless permitted him to gale back from the people.

At this time his coming marriage to the queen was a matter of common talk. Just what wrecked the plan no one knows. In any case, something occurred to destroy Leicester's hopes and to turn him, in a moment, from a possible prince consort to a mere "might have been."

He revenged himself by marrying the countess of Essex, whose husband he was suspected of poisoning. Elizabeth could never bear to have her courtiers look at any other woman except herself. She flew into a mad rage at news of Leicester's marriage and swore he should die in the Tower of London. But she soon forgave him and even afforded him new chances for official incompetency.

In 1588, in his fifty-seventh year Leicester died. It was at the time rumored that he met death by drinking a cup of poison he had prepared for his wife. This may have been a bit of malicious court gossip; or, if true, it may have implied that he still believed he could win Elizabeth's hand.

A Butcher Shop Idyl.

She was pretty and she looked soulful.

"How much is porterhouse?" she timidly inquired.

"Umpty cents a pound," said the butcher, a large, coarse man.

"Oh, I cannot afford that. I'm discouraged at these high prices." She began to weep.

"Take heart," murmured a benevolent looking old gentleman.

"I guess I will. That comes cheaper. Please wrap me up half a pound."

Certainly a Gamble.

"I thought you said Mrs. Gribbet didn't gamble?"

"She doesn't gamble. The idea of such a thing!"

"Umph! She's been married three times."

HUMOROUS QUIPS

A tall, thin man, with one eye, made his way into the office of Amos K. Klam, the prosperous banker.

"Let me have \$10,000 and I will repay you when you need it most," stated the visitor.

With a sigh of benevolence, Amos K. Klam handed over the money.

Ten years later Amos K. Klam was in distress. He needed just \$10,000 to save him from disgrace.

A tall, thin man, with one eye, appeared.

"You are Amos K. Klam?" said the visitor.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the banker.

"Heaven has sent you."

"Correct," said the visitor, as he drew for a great wallet. "I have here a work that will interest you. It is the history of the world in 60 volumes—profusely illustrated—bound in morocco—edited by Prof. Highbrow. Our terms—"

But Amos K. Klam had fainted.

Something New.

"Running for office, I see."

"Yep."

"Forced into it by your friends, eh?"

"Nope."

"Answered the party call, then?"

"Nix. I'm after the office solely for the salary attached, and if I'm elected I'll try to get all my relations jobs."

"Well, on the frankness of that statement I propose to vote for you."

QUESTION OF THE DAY.



Bronson—Holidays are fine institutions. It is a great thing to give everybody a rest.

Woodson—Rest! Who wants to rest when he can go to a football game?

Mental Pabulum.

This rush of progress, by the way, with possibilities is fraught. The current books may soon display a predigested food for thought.

The Point of View.

The Lonely Visitor (at a small hotel, very much on a branch line)—I suppose visitors here are not very common?

The Superior Waiter—Indeed, they are, sir—painfully so—most of 'em.—Sketch.

A Reverted Program.

"The stage should depict society as it really exists," said the serious person.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "but it doesn't. On the contrary, society tries to imitate the songs, dances and dialect of the stage."

As a Time Saver.

Mrs. Dorkins—Maria, why do you always interrupt me as soon as I begin to—

Mrs. Dorkins—Because I always know exactly what you are going to say. What's the use of my wasting time by waiting to hear you finish?

What She'd Do.

"Does your wife enjoy baseball?" "Very much. But she says if she was a baseball player's wife she'd embroider fancy initials on those cushioned they use for bases."

THE MAIN GUY.



Female Guest—Can I get a lobster here?

Waiter—Ask the head waiter.

Female Guest—What has he got to do with it?

Waiter—He's the biggest lobster around here.

Where Life Is Gay.

Behold, the little tank town That used to be so slow. Now has a loud orchestra And a moving-picture show.

Gone Off.